

Mr and Mrs Spartan ?

by Ink.and.Dagger

Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2006-08-30 11:12:20

Updated: 2007-12-08 10:23:54

Packaged: 2016-04-27 01:18:52

Rating: T

Chapters: 2

Words: 5,416

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Master Chief and Samus Aran end up together. Neither knows who the other really is. All hell breaks loose when they end up targeting eachother. Mr. and Mrs. Smith premise.

1. Rest and Relaxation

So this is sort of a Mr. and Mrs. Smith premise. Hope you are all familiar with that. It was a crazy, random idea I had to incorporate these two fandoms. This is just for fun (i.e. I know MC isn't the marrying type)

Although I am familiar with both games, I _am not_ an expert! Let's just say it's AU. And, of course, be gentle. :)

Disclaimer: Unfortunately, I own nothing...

* * *

><p>Mister and Mrs... Spartan?

Chapter One;

Samus Aran steered her gunship toward the Space Pirate frigate she had been hounding for the past hour. Just as expected, she was inching on them every passing minute and they really didn't have a chance to avoid her.

"_Lady, I'm picking up a reading of a high amount of energy a few kilometers from the ship_, " Adam, her ships A.I. stated, cutting through the silence.

Naturally, Samus wasn't exactly worried about what it was. If it was a problem, she would deal with it. Later. But at the moment, she was trying to close in on a pirate ship. Which took precedence over everything.

Samus gazed over her nav computer and looked back up at the nearing ship. She watched intently as she came closer. But suddenly, without alarm, the ship up and disappeared.

What the?

Samus' smirk faded in disbelief and acute frustration..

"Adam...", Samus started calmly in an effort to mask her irritation. "What happened to it? They don't have a cloaking device on that ship." And that was the truth. How could a ship that large leave her sight so quickly?

As she gained onto where the ship _had been_, she could see it. Or rather she could see _something._

From a sidelong glance, it looked like a green grouping of tiny stars. A star cloud mass in the far distance, a small highlight in a vast outer space skyline. But as she neared the strange thing, she noticed it was much closer than it had appeared. Too close for comfort.

And somehow the thing distorted everything around it. She inched nearer and as she got closer, the area around looked almost _2D_. Flat and shapeless.

Without hesitation, Samus was now keenly interested in _whatever_ it was. But she made sure not to move forward.

"So this must be the energy reading you picked up," she mused quietly. And yet, the scanners didn't pick up anything else. Just the blip of energy the green thing radiated.

However, the thing had a mind of it's own. It pulled Samus and her ship towards it, as if a tractor beam had been set. And it was pulling with full force. Samus engaged the back thrusters in a chance to flee, all while reprimanding herself for being to reckless.

Before she knew it, a blinding light came over her ship and flashed. And everything looked as though nothing had changed. But Samus was no fool. She could easily spot foreign star constellations and formations. She had been transported somewhere else.

"_We seemed to have gone through a small vortex,"_ Adam quipped. Her thoughts exactly. It explains where the Space Pirate ship had gone to, but it was no where in sight.

But that didn't mean they weren't alone. As Samus peered through the ships viewing window, it was easy to see many ships around her. And most of them were in the middle of an all out dog fight.

It was a full blown war.

She didn't even have time to think about what just happened. And the small, green vortex was the last thing she was pondering over.

"We have got to get out of here!"

Samus steered her ship out of the frenzy. She was small enough to get

away, but not small enough to evade being hit. An energy beam struck the side of her ship, and rapidly Samus began to loose altitude. And they were closing in on the closest planet. Fast.

She scanned it quickly.

The name popped up on the screen: _Earth. _

It was a planet that hardly sounded familiar, but either way, she was soon going to find out all about it. Her ship roared through the atmosphere.

Samus mentally prepared herself. Sure, they were far from the fight above, but now she had to deal with whatever was to greet them below.

"_The landing will be rough_," Adam stated. Samus rolled her eyes at her A.I.'s blunt and highly obvious statement.

As she had predicted, her ship came closer to the ground in an exhilarating pace. Samus used her best efforts to make the landing easier... on both of them.

As her gunship made contact with the ground, it hit a few boulders. A few extra seconds flew by, and after a disjointed landing, the ship finally skidded to a halt. Samus could hardly see through the cloud of dust produced by the god-awful landing.

"Scanners indicate the atmosphere is stable and breathable," Adam said. He was hardly phased by the rough landing.

She probably didn't need her Veria suit, but it wouldn't hurt. Samus decided to keep it on. But something nagged at her in the back of her mind. After she had thought it over, Samus decided to take off the suit.

"_You are taking off the suit, Lady?_" Adam asked, obviously confused as to why she would abandon her greatest weapon and body shielding.

Samus pulled off her helmet slowly and then started with the chest piece. "Don't worry, I'll be just fine."

After she was finished, she only donned the blue body suit that hugged her figure like a second skin.

"I'm just going to take a look around. I'll be right back."

Samus opened the hatch to get out. A blast of warm, yet fresh, air hit her. She climbed up and out. And within seconds, she was standing atop her orange ship. After she quickly scanned the area, she noticed it was completely empty. It was almost lifeless and an arid wasteland. She was secretly glad that she was alone.

So far, she had nothing to worry about. No one had their gun pointed at her. And so far, there weren't any angry aliens ready to attack.

With ease, Samus jumped down from her ship and climbed up and over a group of rocks that had surrounded her ship. After she climbed

completely over them, she turned back to look at the gunship. It was almost entirely hidden in the rocky ravine. And from this angle, she couldn't see it at all. The color especially camouflaged it perfectly. Despite the rather rough landing, she couldn't have picked a better spot.

Now that she had reached a higher area of land, Samus could see she was near a military base.

From the distance, she could see a sign. She jogged closer to get a better look. It was definitely of military design and the dark black letters read: _UNSC._

That didn't ring any bells. And for a moment she wondered if it was affiliated with the Galactic Federation.

Then it hit her. Samus backed away slowly. What the hell was she doing, especially out of her suit in a strange place? For all she knew, she could have been in an entirely different galaxy.

It didn't take long for her to decide that making her way back to her ship to put on her suit was a better idea.

Suddenly Samus saw from afar a brown military looking vehicle driving towards her. It didn't exactly look 'unfriendly'. Either way, she was on high alert.

The vehicle drove up and squeaked to a stop. A young, but official, looking man looked over at her from the passenger's seat. He said something to the driver and then looked at her, shielding his eyes from the sun.

"Ma'am. You alright?"

"I, uh, what?"

"Well, we noticed an energy reading pick up from this area and thought we'd check it out." He chuckled a bit. "Didn't think we'd find something like _you."_"

Samus wondered what he meant by the comment. But she instead decided not to make a big deal about it.

"Where exactly am I?" She asked. It was a certainly honest question for her stand point. She looked around. "I mean, where is this? And what exactly is going on here...is there a war going on?"

The man, instead of answering, shot her a funny look. "Miss, would you like a ride back to the base?"

Samus made a pained glance back to her ship. She suddenly wished she was in the comfort of her suit.

She eyed the two men for a moment and then nodded. "Alright."

He motioned to the back seat and she climbed in. Soon they were off and zooming towards the so-called UNSC base.

* * *

>After Samus had settled in, her surroundings were a dead giveaway that she was to be looked over by a doctor. Samus had overheard the young man, who turned out to be some lieutenant, talk about her having amnesia and not knowing who she was. Samus rolled her eyes... but she wasn't going to be exactly forward in explaining herself either. She felt she needed to know more with who she was dealing with. Or rather know enough to fix her ship and leave without getting too involved.<p><p>

Currently, she was sitting in a white, stark and, not to mention, cold room. Her tight body suit didn't do much in the way of keeping her warm. Her body felt as though it was covered in goose-bumps.

Without noticed, the door suddenly swished open and an older looking man came in along with a young nurse and two armed guards. Samus stiffened slightly at the sight of the two men with guns.

The 'doctor' gave her a soft smile.

"Don't be worried about them. They just here to ensure safety." He held out his hand. "I'm Doctor Stewart, this is Marla."

Samus wondered why they would need to ensure safety but Samus obliged and shook the man's hand. Although, she was still highly unsure of everything and everyone.

"And you are?" The doctored asked, not losing a bit of his friendly tone.

Wondering how much she wanted to giveaway, she answered bluntly. "Sam."

"Well, Sam, at least you know your name. Do you know where you are?"

Samus laughed inwardly. The amnesia bit was working in her favor. She could feign memory loss and leave while no one was watching.

"Well...no, not really." That was the truth.

So then, the doctor went on to explain that she was at Chawla base in Boston and that they were in the middle of a war. Humans against some sort of alien race. Samus didn't pay too much attention.

But she did gather that those at Chawla base considered her to be military as well.

"Does any of that trigger a memory?"

Samus shifted her gaze to the doctor's kind face. "A little," she lied. She wanted this over and done with.

"Do you remember what happened to you?"

"No. I'm sorry, I don't." At times, it was too easy for Samus to lie. She could pull it off perfectly. But deep down, Samus knew they would considered her a threat if she told them the entire truth. Or they would label her as crazy. Either way, it wasn't going to help her

out. She would have to play the amnesia card the whole way.

"Well, you don't have to look down trodden, Miss Sam. Many soldiers have had their heads scrambled in this war, from the looks of things, you'll be just fine," the doctor said, forcing a 'comforting' voice. Something told Sam he reiterated this speech numerous times before. "Besides ...you know from Earths standpoint, we could always use the help. Chawla base needs extra defense. Twenty four, seven."

Doctor Stewart had her stand to give her a quick once over and physical. It didn't take long for him to come to the conclusion that she was a picture of health.

Samus thanked her gods and the gods of this galaxy that she hadn't been scanned for her physical. The Chozo and, not to mention, Metroid DNA would bring up some questions. Questions better left unanswered.

"You are awfully tall," the nurse Marla stated. The woman was practically looking up at Samus.

Dr. Stewart had noticed this too. Samus knew she was at least over six feet outside of her armor, she didn't give it much thought. But it wasn't hard to notice that, the two statue-like armed men in the room where just about eye level with her.

Dr. Stewart looked at her almost suspiciously. "You aren't..." He stopped mid sentence and shook his head. "Sorry, I was about to ask if you were a Spartan...but I realize that would be a silly question."

Samus was about to ask what a 'Spartan' was, but decided against it.

"All right then," the doctor stated while clearing his throat, "well, you seem OK to move about the base. The Colonel here said to give my consent to your release if I found you in a healthy condition."

Without much of a goodbye, Samus left the room. She had to get out of the base, before they found out she was an outsider. Surprisingly enough, she had been given clearance and was allowed to move about the entire base. An armed guard even gave her clothing to change into, even though she would rather preferred to stay in her blue undersuit.

Samus secretly found it hilarious that they just assumed she was military because of her stature and physique.

Throughout her walk around the base, she came to understand that theses humans were certainly in an ongoing war. And these so-called 'Covenant' were to blame. Naturally, any human form wasn't regarded as a threat. And just as the doctor had told her, the humans needed any help they could get. Samus thought it over, but decided that it wasn't her problem. And that she need not to worry.

Samus continued to mull about the base.

As if a roll of thunder had been let loose, a sudden whoop of ecstatic outcries came from all around her. The lieutenant she had

seen previously came up to her.

"Sam! The Covenant are retreating! And Master Chief... well, he has done it again. Isn't that awesome?!"

She only smiled and nodded. Samus wasn't entirely sure what the young man had said. But she understood the Covenant was the enemy, and any enemy retreat was worth celebrating. Not to mention the she saw suddenly intrigued by this 'Master Chief'. Perhaps she could meet see him some day, since he sounded like a worthy warrior.

It was certainly a strange galaxy, but something in the back of her mind told her that it was only the beginning for her here.

Samus really needed to get back to her ship.

* * *

>Pillar of Autumn-

An awards ceremony was just taking place. Yet another Purple Heart for Master Chief. Chief liked the idea behind the award, but he often wondered if it was necessary. Tossing the Covenant into confusion was certainly enough of an award from his standpoint.

An hour earlier, Chief and thrown the Covenant off balance. A major blow. All in all, it made the alien race retreat.

It was nonetheless a strange action taken by the Covenant, but still it was a half-victory. And half-victory was better than no victory at all.

Admiral Hood walked slowly up to Chief and gave him an approving nod and smile.

And then he asked the unthinkable.

"Master Chief Petty Officer, what would you say to taking a needed and well deserved break?"

"Sir?" Chief asked, stoically. "A what?"

Johnson was standing beside him and he gave a low chuckle. "Sir, Chief doesn't know what 'taking a break' means."

"Sir, I'm a Spartan," Master Chief stated, as if that should clear things up.

"Yes. You certainly are. No go down to Earth and join a celebration."

"Are you sure that's ok, Sir?" Cortana asked respectfully. "I mean, do you want me to go with him?"

"He'll be all right. Won't you Chief?"

"Sir, yes, sir," Chief said. He tried not to sound uneasy.

A snicker came from Johnson. "Cortana just doesn't want you out of her sight."

The A.I. placed a hand on her hip and gave a low laugh. "Now actually I would like a break of not having to baby-sit a Spartan."

"That's funny Cortana." Johnson said and then he patted Chief's arm. "Go ahead and do something crazy once." He glanced at Admiral Hood. "That is with your full permission, Sir."

The Admiral only shook his head and laughed.

"He does something crazy everyday. How about something un-crazy, Chief?" Cortana gave him a winning smile.

"That sounds...nice," Chief said, although it almost sounded in a form of a question.

"See? Who said we couldn't make a Spartan happy?" Johnson chimed in. "Besides you know we'll be calling you back up in 1200 hours or so, since we can't get anything accomplished without you."

Admiral nodded. "Go ahead, the Chawla base near Boston will help you make your stay comfortable on Earth. Since it's no longer a ONI base, it's now under UNSC control."

"Thank you, Sir." Chief gave the Admiral a firm salute.

To Master Chief, visiting Earth did sound like it could be interesting. Especially when the threat of the Covenant wasn't looming over everyone and everything. Chief made his way to a long sword ship. He might as well do something different for a change. And he was positive to know that this would only be a very brief hiatus.

* * *

>For the first time in his life, Chief decided he wanted to try things out ...regularly. No MJOLNIR armor. Just him in the flesh. Dressed as a civilian.<p><p>

It didn't take long to make his to the Chawla base. He had been received at the base quite warmly and had been given quarters to stay in immediately.

Once inside his temporary room, he took his armor off piece by piece. He checked his reflection in a mirror. His hair was kept short. It was constantly shaved down to a crew cut from as long as he could remember. And other than a few scars here and there, and a slightly much needed tan for his skin, he looked decent enough. After changing his clothes, he opted for a walk outside.

A Sargent stopped dead in his tracks when he realized that he was witnessing Master Chief... the Master Chief, with his suit off. A few waved to him, others did the same as the first sargent and gradually picked their jaws off the ground. The famed War Hero was doing a little, and much needed, 'rest and relaxation.'

John had spent little time on this planet before. Other than the battle scarred terrain, the planet seemed inviting.

After walking around for a few minutes to enjoy the fresh breeze on

his face, he stopped to admire a grassy area from afar. The green was as vivid as his own armor. John frowned, suddenly he was feeling quite naked with out the heavy suit.

But at the moment it was peaceful. So he shrugged off the feeling and decided to take in more scenery.

This is a deserved break. I deserve it. John kept reminding himself that, over and over. He also had to remind himself that his commanding officer ordered him to take a break. It was now his mission to.

There were a few groups of passers-by that were going about day to day activities near him. Some just merchants, others civilians. John watched them mill about around them. He felt as though he should be doing some task... his hand itched to touch a S.G. or anything that would make him feel more at him.

He sighed. _I deserve a break..._

John turned around and the sight of a rather tall blonde woman broke him of his thoughts. He also couldn't help noticing that she was extremely beautiful, her hair went on forever...as did her legs.

But he also noticed, she looked lost.

For a few moments, John had an internal debate. He actually wanted to go talk to her. And that was odd. How do you go about talking to a human female when it's not regarding tactics or logistics?

John saw the same young lieutenant near the entrance of the base. He decided to involuntarily use him for information.

The young man seemed freaked out that an unsheathed Master Chief was coming over to visit him.

"What do you know about her?" The Spartan gestured to the woman and then looked back at the lieutenant.

"U-uh... well, so far all we know is that her name is Sam. We found her near the base prior to the Covenant retreat. She's suffering from amnesia I think. Sorry, sir, that's all I know."

"I see. Thank you, lieutenant."

Chief found it odd talking with people while not donning the suit. He did it more often on the Pillar, but still not often enough to make it comfortable for him. And now he was in broad daylight. Anyone could see him.

Forgetting his insecurities, John still found himself drawn to the woman. He also found himself walking over to her.

Rest and relaxation, here I come. You deserve it.

"Lost something?" John chided himself for saying something so lame for the get go.

She had been looking around, especially at the sky. And her expression gave away that something was ...lost.

She swivelled around.

"What?" She looked as though she had been caught doing something wrong.

"You just looked like you need ..er maybe..um." Smooth, real smooth.

She smiled. "Are you trying to ask me if I need help?"

"No. Well maybe. Actually no. I was just asking...um...do you want to go on a walk with me?" Now Chief was more than self-conscious. Is that how people ask, just outright?

She raised a brow, but quickly gave him a genuine smile.

"I'd love to..." She seemed a tad awkward at first but quickly held out her hand. "I'm Sam by the way."

He returned the gesture, unsure at first. "John."

"Well, John it's nice to meet you."

* * *

>Thanks for reading my crazy plot bunny gone wild.<p><p>

2. Smith

Hey everyone! Sorry about the delayed update. I know this is such a weird idea, but I hope you enjoy it.

Thanks!

Disclaimer: I don't own anything!

—

* * *

><p>Chapter Two;

_Six ...or seven months later- _

John woke up early. It was still quite dark out, but it was something he was accustomed to. Lying still, he stayed there quietly for a few extra minutes, hoping not to wake her. She never did though. She was a pretty heavy sleeper.

He looked over soundlessly. Her long blonde hair spilled all over his pillow and hers. As he watched her sleeping, he contemplated this a bit, realizing how odd their marriage was. In fact, it had been almost six months. Or was it seven months? Either way, it had been around six months since they said "I do." And it felt as though they had hardly spoke. He was beginning to think it hadn't been a good idea. He was gone half the time and basically so was she. She knew he was in the military, but he made it sound as though he was a 'behind the desk guy.'

And she never suspected a thing. He was slightly over seven feet tall and she probably figured it was just genetics. Hell, she wasn't vertically challenged herself. Might have been one of the things that attracted him to her. And from his stand point, Sam seemed content with the way things were. Still, despite the things that weren't said to each other, they stayed faithful.

After those few minutes of watching her sleep, he got up quickly and walked out of their bedroom. It was time for him to leave again. And this time, it wasn't going to be a short jaunt. The Covenant had scrambled and regained any power they had left. As far as John knew, he would probably be gone for a long time

Keeping quiet, he walked to the main sitting room. A comlink sat well hidden behind a few things littered on a front room table. The device lit up when he grabbed it.

"I'm here," he said into it gruffly, yet still softly. He kept in mind his sleeping wife.

_Wife. _That word still felt foreign. He loved her. But marriage was never met to enter into a Spartan's life.

A cheerful voice came through the tiny speaker in the comlink. "Hiya, Chief! Long time no see."

"Yeah..."

Cortana continued before he could say more. "So, is it true that you got married?"

Boy, she was quick to the point.

"Yes, it's true."

"Well, that was quick. Never pegged you for the type, since you know, you being _you_ and all."

"I know..." It was all he could think of to say.

"Chief?"

"Yes?"

"How did you break it to your wife that you don't have a last name?"

He knew that question was coming at some point. "I made one up."

"You made up a last name?" At first disbelief rang throughout her voice, but she humored him. "And what might that be?"

"Smith."

"Aww, John Smith. How quaint." And then she cut to the chase. "You need to say goodbye to your Mrs. Smith. The Covenant is back. I hope

you're not rusty."

John heaved a small sigh. "I know. See you in 0800 hours. Master Chief out."

He thought this over for a moment. It had been awhile since he had seen a full fledged battle. The Covenant had subsided for months, giving him quite a bit of time off. Which in that time he had met Sam, his at the time... to-be wife, near the base. And they explored ruins of Earth together. Right away there was something about her that felt right. He was drawn to her early on, which could explain the quick nuptials. A trip to the Chawla base Justice of the Peace and it was set in stone.

And Sam never really knew who John truly was. He was a shrouded mystery. And yet, so was she. For that reason, they didn't exactly complete each other. John hadn't realized the repercussions of falling love. Or perhaps it was infatuation.

Maybe someday he'll figure those two emotions out.

But first and fore-most he was a battle ready soldier. And that's all that mattered.

He shot a quick glance to the bedroom door, before walking out of the house.

His armor awaited him.

* * *

><p><p>

Samus hadn't been sleeping at all when John had woken. Among her talents, she could feign sleep easy. She had the rhythmic breathing down to a science.

For those few minutes, she could hear him get up and as soon as she heard their bedroom door close, she opened her eyes.

He was off to work again. He never spoke about it, but he didn't speak about much. And she didn't ask about much.

John, more than anything, never spoke about his past. But then again, neither did she. In fact, the one person they had at their quick wedding was a guy she paid to play out as her father.

A wedding in the first place didn't suit Samus Aran. But she had fallen for John the moment she saw him. Samus never knew why though. Thoughts of John fluttered through her mind quickly, but she put a stop to that.

First things were first.

It had been almost a full eight months since she came to this galaxy. Her gunship was still in dire need of repairs. But she had it hidden in the same ravine near Chawla. It's cloaking device powered on and running. She still didn't have the correct parts and the ship stayed in it's lonely spot.

It helped that they lived so close to the base, she could visit the ship routinely. She could also visit and wear her suit.

And, not to mention, perform bounty hunting on the side. Even a small amount of humans left on the planet still required bounty hunting assistance. And she made money here and there because of the slight trade.

John thought she was a social worker. It was an easy cover.

And the hits she had received stayed quiet. Not a soul spoke about the being in the deadly orange suit. It was quite top secret.

But she knew it wasn't going to stay secret for long.

She also sensed that her husband had secrets. But as long as she stayed content with keeping hers, she allowed him to keep his.

Samus perked up when she heard John speaking outside in the living area. It must have been with the comlink she had found a few days ago. For a behind the desk guy, he sure was secretive.

Her first instinct was to listen in to his conversation, but she decided against it. In time, she would find out what she needed to know.

After she heard the front door close, she got out of bed.

Walking slowly into the kitchen, Samus decided to start some tea. With trained ears, a very low beep could be heard in a tall cupboard new the window. Samus opened the cupboard and reached inside a canister. She kept her own communicator well hid.

The device was specifically used for bounties and contacts. The device beeped again and Samus opened the channel.

"Yes?" She deepened her voice a bit.

"Is this the bounty hunter?" A slithery voice asked through the speaker.

A short pause. Samus couldn't recognize the voice. She gave a firm, "Yes."

"We have a mission for you... And the reward is well worth it."

"And that would be...?"

"_The demon_, his name is Master Chief..."

"Master Chief is a hero among the human race. Why exterminate him?" Samus never argued with a client, but she felt that at her vantage point...she could.

"He's a.. oh what do you call them.. Ah, yes a space pirate." Just the words she needed to hear.

"Send me visuals."

Samus engaged the communicator's screen and after a short moment or

two, the green suit popped up to be seen. The picture showed his guns blazing and his golden visor pristine in the sunlight.

"Will you do it?" The slimy voice asked finally.

"It's already done. I'll contact you..."

Samus switched off the device and smiled to herself. This was her ticket out of this galaxy. She could rid the space pirate for her client and go back to her simple life.

She pondered taking her husband with her.

Samus shrugged and set off to leave.

She now had work to do.

* * *

>Thank you to all who read and reviewed! <div>

End
file.